



VOL. XXIV.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1856.

NO. 15.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

ROBINSON'S HAND CULTIVATOR.  
We here give you the representation of a new machine for garden culture, invented by J. A. Robinson, of Fremont, N. H.

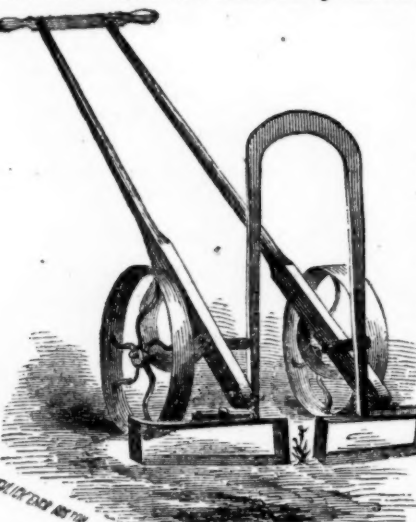
It is so arranged, as you will perceive, that it has a hoe or cutter on each side of a central line, which can be so gauged as to be placed further or nearer to each other, and at different angles with each other. It moves on wheels and is guided by handles.

When in use, it is so placed as to have the rows of whatever plant you are cultivating, such as beets, carrots, onions, &amp;c., at different angles with each other. It moves on wheels and is guided by handles.

We used one of these, last summer, and found that in land free from stones and clods, as all gardens should be, that it did its work well.

These machines are manufactured by Luther Whitman, at his agricultural implement factory in Winthrop, and kept for sale in all the principal agricultural warehouses. The Granite Farmer speaks of it thus:—

"Robinson's Hand Cultivator, was patented on the 20th day of February, 1855, and embraces improvements made since that time. It was first exhibited at the New Hampshire State



Fair held in this city last fall, and was awarded the first premium in the class of agricultural implements. It is a novelty in itself, simple in construction, effective in its operation, and promises to affect very favorably the expense of cultivating those crops to which it is adapted, and from the certificates of responsible and extensive farmers, (who used the article last year) will supply a great desideratum in Agriculture.

It is operated by wheeling it along like a barrow or wheel-hoe—hoeing both sides of the hoe at the same time; the part of the shears next to the row being of such a form as to separate or cut perpendicular to the depth at which the implement is used, leaving but a narrow strip of earth in which the plants stand.

It is adjusted to any distance from the row, and cutting as it does a little more than half way to the adjoining row, the work is done thoroughly in going once to a row—no unhoed space being left between the rows. The cutters being set at an acute angle, they cut the grass and weeds easily; also, by reversing them to opposite sides, the earth is drawn up to the row.

It is estimated that in cultivating those crops to which this implement is adapted, it saves two-thirds the labor of cultivation."

GILMORE'S BEE-HOUSE.

We take the following article from the Michigan Farmer. It is some years since the bee-house alluded to was invented. We have never had an opportunity to see much of its use, but the plan struck us rather favorably, and if bees did not sometimes take it into their heads to go against all human reason, we should have thought the house might prove valuable. Will Dr. Holmes, of the Maine Farmer, tell us how it works? [Boston Cultivator.]

Messrs. Editors:—Upon a thorough examination of the plan of A. Gilmore's patent Bee-house and hive, I was fully satisfied that it was all that it claimed to be. I therefore adopted it, but in consequence of the lateness of the season, and the difficulty of procuring hives, I put two swarms in the Gilmore hives, and that was on the fifth of July. To one of them I fed 9 lbs. of cheap sugar, and 3 lbs. of honey, and took from it 734 lbs. of honey. To the other swarm I fed nothing and took from it 314 lbs. of honey. I put thirty-nine swarms into my different hives, eleven of them early. The most honey I took from any one of them was 16 lbs., and on no less than 300. Owing to the excessive rains the past season, it was a bad one for late swarms, in this section of the State. In November I sold my honey in Chicago for from 25 to 40 cents per pound, and could have sold it at the same price. If all my bees had been in Gilmore's hives, I could have realized from two to three hundred dollars more than I did. I am putting up hives in different parts of the country, for I keep my bees from coming out every year upon the snow, thereby weakening the swarms. Another advantage is changing any part of the comb without killing the bees; another is, taking off the honey from the top of the hive, and give it to a small late swarm that had not accumulated enough for winter, saving the weak swarms thereby, which, in most all cases, are the best workers for the next season. Another advantage is to keep your bees from quarreling,

and a sure protection against robbers. Another and very decided advantage is, the ease with which the miller or moth can be destroyed. By looking through the glass in the back of the hives, you can see if the worms have begun their ravages; if they have, that section of the hive can be removed, and another substituted in its place. I devote a large portion of my time to the cultivation of the honey bee, and believe it will pay fifty per cent. if managed in the best way. I have tried almost all kinds of hives and houses that have been proposed, which have invariably proved too complicated, and been the destruction of the bees. The readers of the Farmer know that I have condemned all patents, for the reason that they were false—not what was claimed for them. And had Gilmore's not been true and proved itself worthy of adoption, I should have condemned that too, not because I have had such good results from two swarms, but I have seen it fully tested by my neighbors, which I have carefully examined from time to time during the past season. I do most cheerfully recommend Gilmore's bee house and hives as being the only one that has come under my observation, worthy of adoption by all bee-keepers.

Paw Paw, Van Buren Co., Mich., Jan. 1.

NOTE. In answer to our friend of the Boston Cultivator, we will say that Gilmore's Bee House was invented by Mr. Arza Gilmore of Wayne, in this county, (Kennebec). Mr. Gilmore had studied the habits of bees attentively, and conceived the project of uniting swarms into one colony. It is an ingenious mode of making bees repack into comb, and into any vessel you like, any sweet substance not unpalatable to them. Somehow, bees have the power, while they do not change the nature of the sweet they use, of working some of it into comb, in which to bottle up, or enclose the sweets they have gathered up. Thus, if you feed them with good honey in a liquid state, they will repack it for you in a comb. If you give them poor honey in a liquid state, they will also pack it for you in a comb, but it will nevertheless be poor honey, but in a nice comb. If you give them syrup of sugar, they will put syrup of sugar in a comb for you. If any one has time and inclination to make this mode of stall-feeding bees a business, Gilmore's method is a very good one to follow. It is not much used among us now. Most of our farmers think it best to let their bees look out for the raw material themselves and manage it in their own way. In new countries, such as the western regions, we have no doubt this system will do well with those who are disposed to give their bees proper attention. Ed.

MR. BRACKETT'S VINEYARD.

We have been highly interested by reading the report of Dr. E. Wight, chairman of the committee on fruit, made to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and published in the March number of Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture.

Among the many things and facts there brought forward, we find a communication of C. A. Brackett, of Winchester, giving an account of his "little vineyard," and his mode of managing his vines. We are persuaded we cannot do our grape cultivating friends better service, than by giving the following extract from his letter:—

"My little vineyard," says he, "is situated on a side hill, facing the west, protected on the north by a belt of pine woods. I should have preferred a more northern or eastern aspect. The soil is by no means what would be called a strong one; it consists of from four to six inches of turf mold, with a reddish subsoil about two feet deep, resting upon a bed of blue gravel. In preparing for the vines the ground was trenched two feet deep, and the top soil put at the bottom. Stakes eight feet long were then set at the distance of seven feet apart each way, one vine was planted to each stake, and immediately cut down to two eyes, (or buds.) And here let me say a word as to the time of setting the vines. My experience is greatly in favor of late planting. A vine set in Autumn (and it should be done as soon as the leaf falls), will in three years be as strong and capable of bearing a crop of fruit as one of the five years old set in the spring.

The training of my vines is at once simple and ornamental. The first year two shoots are allowed to grow, and as they elongate are carried spirally, both in the same direction, about five inches apart around the stake, and this is continued until they reach the top. The laterals are allowed to grow at random. In the fall they should be pruned back to within eighteen inches of the ground, and the laterals to one eye.

Second year, continue the two canes from the two uppermost eyes, as directed in the first year. The laterals will require summer pruning. In the fall cut back the canes to within 18 inches of last year's wood. Continue this course until the vine is established the whole length of the post, whatever amount it is to be cut back. The buds grow upon the side shoots, and the pruning is on the short spur system. The forage of the vine may be shaped to the taste of the cultivator; that of the pyramid is decidedly best.

Those who understand the nature of the vine will readily perceive the advantage this system offers. The vine is thus kept at home. The light and air circulate freely through it. The buds break easily, there is no tendency in one part to rob the other of its due proportion of sap, and when once established requires less care than any other mode of training.

Some of my vines, the first year after planting, were watered with sink drain water, and being satisfied that it injured them, I have discontinued the practice, and have since root pruned them, in order to check too free a growth of wood. Many of my neighbors injured their vines by giving them large quantities of stimulating manures, such as fresh stable manures,

dead horses, and other animal manures thereby exciting them to make an increased growth of long jointed wood. I grow my vines for the fruit, and am satisfied if they make a few feet of short jointed wood, and the only manure (if manure it may be called) which I now use, is a top dressing of Anthracite coal ashes."

Mr. Brackett speaks highly of the Diana Grape, as being hardy, early, and the grape holding on well even if suffered to hang out late. We think his hints and experiments worth attending to.

For the Maine Farmer.

THOUGHTS ON EMIGRATION.—NO. 3.

No one thing has caused so much discouragement, and so much stimulated the desire to emigrate, in the districts where the wild lands are situated, as the mistaken policy of the State in disposing, to speculators, of her lands in large sections.

Indeed, I am of opinion that it would have been infinitely better for the State in the beginning, if she had let her timber free to all, and retained her interest in the soil.

The counties of Aroostook and Somerset alone contain more good soil than any other State in New England. In these two counties more of the timber lands of the State. For the sake of the timber, these lands have been bought by speculators indiscriminately. It is for the interest of these speculators that no settler should gain any right to the soil, and that no road should be made; and to prevent it they have been instrumental in having laws passed, which are now so stringent that no man who wishes to establish himself in any of these townships can do so with any prospect of reaping the benefit of his labor, or obtaining more than a transient possession of the premises.

He may possibly find a spot where a title can be purchased to the soil, but it is isolated and hemmed in by territory which is kept out of the market, over which no roads are allowed to pass, and into which no facilities for the education of his children can enter, or the comforts of civilized life can reach.

Although the soil may amply repay him for his labor, and his returns prove entirely satisfactory, he still yearns for privileges which he cannot enjoy. He dwells upon the social comforts of more favored places, and broods over his unhappy lot. He becomes a disappointed, discontented, and unhappy man—loses sight of the bright side of his existence; he has one, and just as he arrives at a point where he can be independent, takes what he can get, abandons his possessions, and starts for the West. And the trouble ends not here. The disorder is contagious; and those in the vicinity are generally attacked in the same way, and are lost by the same disease.

Now, I contend that something should be done to remedy this state of things. Will the sums received for the sale of timber compensate for the loss of our population, or pay for shutting up forever the settling lands of the State? Do we owe these purchasers of our lands such a debt of gratitude, that for their benefit the richest part of our domain should be uninhabited? Was it ever contemplated, when these lands were disposed of, that they should be lost to the community? I insist not—and although it is too late for the State to regain her ownership, she still retains her sovereignty, and justice to herself requires that the law should be so modified that the great proprietor should not have it all his own way.

The relations between the proprietor and the squatter should be changed. Instead of a long occupancy and an undisturbed possession being required before an interest can be obtained in the soil, an interest should exist the instant occupancy commenced, and that interest should be a right to the soil, upon paying a fair appraised value.

It would be no injustice to the purchaser of lands from the State, to frame such laws as would compel him to sell at fair prices as they are wanted. Neither would it be injustice to compel him to make roads as they are wanted. Every liability and contingency of the kind was assumed when the lands were purchased.

The idea is preposterous that these lands were created for the exclusive benefit of gentlemen speculators. Yet, wherever a road is required, or an act of incorporation asked for, although it may be by those who acquired rights before these proprietors were of age, and who have lived in the wilderness with no outlet, a large part of a lifetime, we hear these distressed proprietors complain of oppression, of taxation without being benefited,—as if the Almighty's earth was made for their special benefit, and no one could occupy without locating on their corners.

Mr. Editor, I hope to see these laws changed, and that speedily—changed for the benefit of the settler. I hope to see public sentiment righted as regards the rights of proprietor and settler. All laws which benefit a small minority are prejudicial to the great mass,—and laws which are not for the good of the greatest number should not exist.

Aroostook.

NOTE. Our correspondent is right in regard to the evil of having so much of our good settling lands in the hands of speculators or "proprietors," as they are called.

We do not think it would be right, if practicable, to compel them to sell at any other price than they please to take. The State (foolishly to be sure) sold them the lands, and they should be secure in their property, and have a right to hold it if they like. But it would be right to compel them to construct roads and such like improvements as are constructed about them, and not hold back in these things to the damage of the surrounding country. Ed.

FARM STOCK IN IRELAND. It is stated that within the last fourteen years the value of farm stock in Ireland has increased from £22,000,000 to £35,000,000 sterling, and that the number of horned cattle has risen from 2,000,000 to 3,250,000, while the quality has correspondingly improved. Still, however, of the 20,000,000 of acres which Ireland comprises, only about one-fourth is under direct tillage, and fully one-third in pasture.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE CHINA TREE.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed in the Farmer, among other things, a call for the technical name of the China tree. I answered a part of the queries, in my former communication, but not having at hand, at the time, all the information called for, I left a part for other correspondents to answer. Having seen no reply, as yet, I send you what I have learned in regard to it.

Melia Azadirach, China tree. Some call it Smilax China. It is called China tree, from its having been first discovered in Japan and thence brought here. I have various reasons for believing that it will stand a northern winter, though it will not probably grow so thrifty as it does here, or farther south.

By conversing with one of our most able physicians, I learn that the pulp of the berry, made into a poultice, will cure the scald head. The bark of the root, obtained at a time when the sap is not running up, and made into bitters, will invariably cure worms in children, and chills and fever. If the root is dug when the tree is full of sap, it produces dizziness in the head.

My China trees have been struck with frost, in the spring, when the leaves were started out some two inches, but they sustained no injury, except to kill what had started out. When the weather became warm they started anew.

Winter seems to be over, and the weather, for some days, has been more spring-like. We have had the hardest winter remembered in this country. My thermometer has several times been as low as 6° above zero, and I understand the mercury has been down to zero, in some places in town. To-day, the mercury stands at 53°, which is about a sample of the weather, lately.

I have seen no plows at work, yet, though they will start shortly, if the weather remain dry. We have had but very little rain, the past winter. The larger streams have been a little swollen, lately, from the snow melting on the mountains.

Dalton, Ga., Feb. 25, 1856.

NOTE. We thank our friend Armstrong for the information about the China tree. We have planted the seeds which he sent us, and shall see what we can do with them. Ed.

HOR BEES. Some gardeners make their beds on the level ground, but it is always safest to make them in pits from eighteen inches to two feet deep; in order to do this, the pits should be dug in autumn, or a heap of dung may be deposited on the ground intended for the beds before the frosts sets in, and good earth may be obtained from the pits without difficulty.

The frames should be made of good sound planks; the back plank may be two feet wide, and the end ones may be so sloped as to make fifteen inch plank do for the front. A frame calculated for four sashes, or three feet in width by six in length, as above described, should be nearly thirteen feet long, and about six broad at the top.

The frame being set over the pit, and properly fastened, the fresh dung should be spread regularly in the pit to the depth of twenty-two inches; if the dung be in a good heating condition, cover it six or eight inches deep with mould, then lay on the sashes, and protect the beds from the inclemency of the weather. In two or three days the rank steam will pass off; it will then be necessary to stir the mould before the seed be sown, to prevent the growth of young weeds that may be germinating; then sow the seed either in shallow drills or broadcast, as equally as possible, reserving a small quantity of the warm mould to be sown lightly over the seed. (Gardener's Assistant.)

GARDEN SHEEP AND ITS CARE AND CURS. From ignorance of the following valuable receipt we have known a number of valuable sheep die with the fatal disease "worm in the head." Symptoms in the sheep affected are constantly sneezing and snuffling, turning the head as if in pain, and trying to remove the cause. Loss of appetite soon follows, weakness, and in a few days the animal will refuse to eat at all.

Remedy.—When first discovered inject with a syringe up each nostril a quarter or half a gill of the following liquid, viz: a half pound of Scotch snuff, boiled in a quart of water, allowed to cool and settle. Some add a little assafetida; this has a deadening effect on the animal, and is not necessary to cause a cure.

Violent convulsions ensue after this operation and the worms are thrown from the head. Many farmers smear the noses of their sheep with tar in the spring to keep off the insect, which, in summer, deposits its eggs in the nostrils, from whence come the worms. Sheep, during the heat of the day, huddle together with their heads inward and to the ground, to protect themselves from this insect.

[N. Y. Evening Post.]

How TO CURE LICE ON STOCK. In the spring of the year, cattle and colts are very liable to be afflicted with lice. As soon as the farmer notices their presence, he should be diligent in his efforts to destroy them, or else he may find the gain and plenty to his stock, without any gain in flesh to the suffering creatures.

If he wishes to use an injection, fill a common goose quill and insert it within the skin just in front of the fore shoulder, and with a little punch force the contents under the skin.

In no case should it be spread upon the hair or skin. In warm weather, salt grease will kill them, or a thorough washing with strong tobacco juice, or the liquid of potato peelings boiled down until it is almost a syrup. It would save the lives of many young chickens to smear the heads and necks of old fowls with grease in the spring, before hatching time, and thus benefit their own condition, for no animal covered with lice will thrive in the least.

FENCES. It is stated that the value of all the fences built in the United States is from \$400,000,000 to \$600,000,000. The cost of fences in Pennsylvania alone is estimated at \$100,000,000—or about \$10,000,000 per year. In many instances the fences have cost more than the lands they enclose.

THE LAUNCHING.

BY WILLIAM B. GLAZIER.

She starts—she moves—she seems to feel The thrill of life along her keel, And springing with her feet the ground, With one exulting joyous bound, She leaps into the ocean's arms. (Longfellow.)

Well may they deck the ship to-day With colors flaunting free, Well may she wear her best array, So soon a bride to be; Long has the dainty beauty kept Her lover from her charms, But now her long sleep is slept, We give her to his arms.

Oh, guard our darling from the storm: Thy bosom never bore A prouder or more fearless form, A fairer love before, Tame down thy billows' thundering shocks, Thy foaming wrath, oh Sea! And keep her from the angry rocks, That lie along her lee.

Her home has been where green hills kiss The river's rippling tide, But oh! our eyes must learn to miss The Ocean's new-made bride; Where white-capped waves forever rise, Far off, beneath the sea-kissed skies, Our beauty seeks her home.

Ah, prouder may be the mariners That stand upon her deck; They little fear, in strength like hers, The tempest or the wreck; And proudly may her ensign fly, That bears the stripes and stars; The peace that builds a ship like this, Is worth a thousand wars.

SECOND EXHIBITION OF THE MAINE STATE AG. SOCIETY. To be held at —, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st of October, 1856.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

[CONTINUED.]

DIVISION II.—CROPS.

All competitors for premiums under this division are required to answer the following questions. They will obtain the requisite blanks by applying to the Secretary of their Society, or of this Board.

To be raised by the exhibitor, or on land occupied by him.

1. Have you had your soil analyzed?  
2. If so, state its chemical composition.  
3. If your soil has not been analyzed, please state whether it is a sandy soil, a sandy loam, a loam, a clay loam, or a clay soil.4. What is the mechanical condition of your soil? Is it fine or coarse; and when dried under the action of the sun, is it light or friable, or is it hard and stiff?  
5. How deep is your soil, or how far from the surface is the impervious subsoil, or that through which water does not pass?6. What is the color of your soil? Is it light in color, yellow, or of a dark color?  
7. What is the character of the subsoil? Is it open, a clay, or a hard and gravelly subsoil?  
8. What is the kind of rocks found in your soil—granite, slate, limestone, or a mixture of these?9. Is your land stony, or is it free from stone? If stony, are the stones large or small?  
10. Of what kind is the crop for which you ask a premium?  
11. What was your previous cultivation of the land on which it grew, and what crop grew on it the previous year?12. How deep did you plow it, and what other cultivation did you give it before planting or sowing the seed, and what the expense?  
13. Did you apply any manure to this crop the present season before planting or sowing the seed? If so, of what kind, and how much, and what its value?14. Has the ground on which this crop grew ever been subsoiled?  
15. Has it been underdrained, and if so, to what extent?  
16. Of what variety was the seed planted or sowed? At what time was it planted or sowed?17. Did the seed planted or sowed have any previous preparation? Or was it soaked and rolled in any substance? If so, state what.  
18. Was it planted in hills or in drills?  
19. If planted in hills, state the distance between the rows and between the hills.20. If planted in drills, how far apart were the drills, and the plants in the drills?  
21. If grain, was it sowed in drills or broadcast?  
22. How much seed did you use per acre?23. What other culture did you give the crop? Or did you cultivate and hoe, and if so, how many times, and at what expense?  
24. Did you apply any top-dressing after planting? If so, of what kind, and how much, and at what time applied, and at what cost of material and labor?25. At what time was the crop harvested?  
26. If grain, in what state of ripeness was it cut?  
27. If Indian corn, were the top stalks cut off, or was it cut up at the roots, and at what state of ripeness was it done?28. Have you tried any experiments to determine the comparative advantages of cutting the top-stalks and cutting up at the roots? If so, state the result.  
29. What was the amount of produce per acre, both in weight and measure?  
30. If grain, state the quantity of straw, and if Indian corn, of the stalks, in weight.

31. State all the items of expense in raising and harvesting the crop, and also its value at your residence at the time of harvest.

Class I.—Grain and Grain Crops.

All specimens of grains receiving first premiums, to be left as the property of said Society.

CRANES.

For best bushel of winter wheat, \$5 00

2d do. Book or 1 00

3d do. Book or 1 00

For best bushel of spring wheat, 5 00

2d do. Book or 1 00

3d do. Book or 1 00

For best bushel of Indian corn, in ears, Book or 2 00

2d do. Book or 1 00

3d do. Book or 1 00

For best bushel of barley, 3 00

2d do. Book or 1 00

3d do. Book or 1 00

For best bushel of oats, 2 00

2d do. Book or 1 00

3d do. Book or 1 00

For best bushel of peas, 2 00

2d do. Book or 1 00

3d do. Book or 1 00

For best bushel of pole beans, 2 00

2d do. Book or 1 00

3d do. Book or 1 00

For best bushel of field beans, 2 00

2d do. Book or 1 00

3d do. Book or 1 00

For best bushel of buckwheat, 2 00

2d do. Book or 1 00

3d do. Book or 1 00

For best quart of garden seeds, each variety, 2 00

2d do. Book or 1 00

3d do. Book or 1 00

All grains and seeds to be the growth of 1856, and presented in a suitable form for preservation.

GRAIN CROPS.

best conducted experiment in raising

the largest crop of winter wheat at the least expense, on not less than half an acre, \$5 00

2d do. 6 00

3d do. 5 00

4th do. Book.

best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of spring wheat at the least expense, on not less than half an acre, 8 00

2d do. 6 00

3d do. 4 00

4th do. Book.

best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of Indian corn at the least expense, on not less than half an acre, 8 00

2d do. 6 00

3d do. 4 00

4th do. Book.

best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of barley at the least expense, on not less than half an acre, 8 00

2d do. 6 00

3d do. 5 00

4th do. Book.

best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of rye at the least expense, on not less than half an acre, 8 00

2d do. 6 00

3d do. 5 00

4th do. Book.

best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of oats at the least expense, on not less than half an acre, 5 00

2d do. 4 00

3d do. 3 00

4th do. Book.

best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of mixed grains at the least expense, on not less than half an acre, 4 00

2d do. 3 00

3d do. 2 00

4th do. Book.

best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of peas alone, at the least expense, on not less than half an acre, 3 00

2d do. 2 00

3d do. 1 00

4th do. Book.

best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of field beans at the least expense, on not less than half an acre, 3 00

2d do. 2 00

3d do. 1 00

4th do. Book.

best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of carrots at the least cost, on not less than one-fourth an acre, 5 00

2d do. 4 00

3d do. 3 00

4th do. Book.

best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of rutabagas at the least cost, on not less than one-half an acre, 5 00

2d do. 4 00

3d do. 3 00

4th do. Book.

best conducted experiment in raising the largest crop of turnips at the least cost, on not less than one-fourth an











## The Muse.

## THE BLESSED LOVE I CRAVE.

For the Maine Farmer.  
By FREDERICK WRIGHT.

A mother's love, 'ere all things else,  
Languishes the heart of man.

For two more years and five, I've trod  
A pilgrim on the earth.

And tasted, too, of many a bitter  
Aye! willy nilly have I passed;

As I have seen my father's face  
In the face of a young man;

Yet still my heart, in every hour,  
A mother's love hath mourned!

For joy, if such it might be called,  
That wealth can oft procure,

Hath not unlearned o'er my path  
Displayed her tinsel lure!

What wonder, then, that I should stray—  
The tempter's victim prove!

Alas! for me—no answer know  
A mother's guardian love!

And when to manhood's ripen'd thought  
I met my father's face,

And found my father's face  
And found my father's face;

Thou friendship's pure confiding faith  
Around a bulwark threw;

I mis'd the cable chain of life—  
A mother's love and true!

As human love, in human hearts  
Is ever prone to dwell,

Why should the only one  
That does not own a spell?

A willing captive gladly live,  
I kneel at beauty's shrine;

Yet, even then, I sigh'd to think  
No mother's love was mine!

I now have passed the noonday mark  
Of life's all cherished scene—

And joys, as I have said before,  
Have cluster'd thick between;

Yet safely can my heart declare,  
Let faith be o'er my soul!

A mother's love remains still,  
The boon for which I pant!

Beverly, C. W.

## ODE TO LAMB.

Hind-quarters of the lamb, lamb,  
Whether with peas and mint I must dispense,

Or go to the table, blaspheming the expense,  
And thus enjoy thee in the fullest sense—

That is the question.

Rear section of young mutton, tender food,  
In the dawn of grass-fed juicy-hood;

Dainties like these should not be served up nude,  
But grace'd with all the trimmings understood

To help digestion.

Then blot the pore, the fragrant mint prepare,  
Be thou, rare joint, nor overdone, nor rare;

Concoct the gravy with exceeding care,  
When all is ready, serve—'t shall be there.

Incipient phlegm, when on the dine,  
Hie to the plates and lay cold the mine;

Three slices of the midway of the leg be mine;  
Then put the rest away—for very fine

Is cold roast lamb.

## The Story-Teller.

From Dickens' Household Words.

## PHARISES AND SINNERS.

He was the saint of the family, and the model

man of the neighborhood. There was not a

charity that he did not subscribe to, not a

donation that he did not entertain—and they were

hungry fellows generally, who knew the comforting

virtues of his choice Madeira—he founded

Sunday-schools and Chapel-of-Ease as other

men would build barns, and he was the public

man of all the ten parishes round. The poor

called him a good gentleman, and the ungaily a

fine fellow; while the elect looked solemn, and

spoke of "that pious man, Jacob Everett;"

through their noses for the most part. No one

had an ill word for him; excepting the landlord

of the Grapes, who declared, with a mighty oath,

that he was the "pest of the place, and would

run all Green Grove if he was left to do as he

liked." Notwithstanding this Bacchic judgment,

Jacob Everett was a good man; weak, perhaps,

but lovable in his very weakness; sincere,

gentle, generous, merciful; puritanical in

principle, but—as his younger brother, the

archdeacon, once said in full vestry, when Jacob

opened him about the penance of Hannah

Brown—"sadly latitudinarian in practice."

Jacob, however, who loved mercy and hated

condemnation, went on his own way, opening

a wide door of forgiveness to all sinners; closing

to a narrow chink the yawning gates of destruction

which his brother swung back wide enough for

all mankind; saving the small band of the elect

to which he and his belonged.

The family was proud of Jacob. He was an

old bachelor and rich; and the Everetts—albeit

of the rigidest—liked wealth and honored pedi-

grees. They were grand people, who practiced

humility in coaches, and self-abasement in velvet;

who denounced the lusts of the flesh at state-din-

ners-parties, over champagne and pine-apples;

but who believed that eternal punishment was

the doom of all who entered a theatre or a ball-

room. They went to morning concerts of serious

music, and patronized oratorios. They thought

it sinful to be in love, and called it making idols

—so they married their children comfortably

up the beautiful old Hall. To the infinite sur-

prise of every body, he openly and unblushingly

took from the neighboring village a certain Betty

Thorne, a fine, handsome, Roman-looking woman,

a farmer's sister, aged about forty. And Betty

Thorne traveled with him in his own carriage.

Five years passed away, and Jacob's letters

became rarer and more rare. He wrote ever in

the same depressed condition of mind; spoke

often of "Good Betty Thorne, who had been such

a blessed comfort to him," and hinted vaguely

at some unforgotten sin. Then for two years

no more letters came, even in answer to business

inquiries and all trace of the traveler was lost.

His very bankers did not know his address, and

"Sardinia" left wide margins. Mrs. Hibbert

one day grew quite warm when she spoke of his

neglect with Paul and Jessie, her two children;

almost agreeing that Paul, poor child—who, by

the way, was three-and-twenty, destined for the

church, but preferring the army, and so making

a compromise by studying for the bar—that

Paul should go to Italy in search of his Uncle

Jacob. But the Jesuits and Signors frightened her

and while their deliberations went on a letter

came from Mrs. Hibbert sealed with black

and written with copper-colored ink; which

letter was from Betty Thorne, telling her "that

her honored master had gone to rest the seventh

of this September last past, and that the letter

would tell her gracious madam all about it.

The letter inclosed was from Jacob Everett

himself, revealing the mystery of his life.

Oh, Anna Fay! with your nut-brown hair and

quaker-eyes, and dove-like ways, who would

have believed that you, so good and so demure,

with Jacob, the best man of Green Grove, would

have given such a hostage as that round, red,

plucked, loving little being—that floweret

plucked in a forbidden forest; that unauthorized,

unwelcome, unlawful little thing—Estella,

"star of your mourning!" God forgive you

both. You sinned, and you suffered; you fell,

and you repented; perhaps your burning tears

and your prayers of penitence and grief may

have effaced the dark record in the Great Book

above. You are both old in your tombs now—

Heaven's mercy rest on you, and Heaven's angels

restore you! There are enough in this world

to cast stones at you both; for us, we will

but water the flowers on your graves, and pluck

up the weeds, and place a head-stone where you

lie, with "There is joy among the angels of God

over the sinner that repenteth," engraved there-

upon.

In this letter to his sister, Jacob made a full

confession; telling her that, shocked and ter-

rified at his crime, he had sent Anna Fay,

who refused to marry him as he wished, and

who he had lived in Italy ever since—he, Jacob,

feeling that entire separation, though loved

each other well, was the only separation they

could make to Heaven; and how, five years ago,

she had died, leaving their child without a friend

or protector in the world. How he had then

gone over with Betty Thorne, to whom he had

confided his secret, to guard and educate his

girl; which he had done carefully. He then

ended by appointing Tabitha Gardner, sole

trustee of his daughter, now seventeen years of

age; for, to his child he left all his property,

excepting a generous donation to Betty Thorne.

He further said that a bequest made so solemnly

as this of her orphan child on his death-bed,

would, he was sure, be regarded as sacred; and

that Estella would be nurtured carefully for his

sake. All his usual superstitions, and a certain

yearly allowance, of which we shall have to

speak presently, were to be continued until

Estella would be of age, when she would consult

her father's memory and her own feelings only.

It took but little time for Mrs. Hibbert to

reflect on her course of action. Paul and Jessie,

impulsive as all young people are, pleaded in

stipulation of the child, and of Betty Thorne,

too; but Tabitha Hibbert, without in her

young girl sitting in the balcony overlooking

the Grand Canal at Venice, thinking of the

mother she had loved, and of the father she had

lost.

This young girl, leading the secluded life of

a foreign damsel; seeing no one but her faithful

English nurse and the various mistresses of such

accomplishments as her father had desired her

to learn; and her own artistic taste had directed

her; to living in a world of poetry of her own

creation, her full heart yearning for love, and

sympathy, and companionship; her imagination

filled with great visions of her mother's home,

of that large, strong England, whose voice sound-

ed through the whole world, and whose sons

held away in every quarter of the globe; this

young girl stored up large treasures of poetry

and affection, all the purer because of their

depth, all the more enduring because of their

isolation.

Mrs. Malahide lived at Brighton, in a pretty

little house on the sea-shore, occupying herself

with the education of her four daughters—her

only son was at Cambridge—in quite a natural

and un-Everett fashion. Not that she was

wholly natural, either; for inherited reserve

and early education were too strong to be set

aside, even by the free life she had led since

her marriage. There were still traces of Green

Grove in the precise slow manner in which she

spoke, and in the stiff hand held out like a cleft

bat of iron, which formed the chief character-

istics of the Everett world. But she was a good

creature at heart, and had been so from first

by love and then by sorrow, into more real sim-

ilarity than her rigid manners would give one

to believe.

It was to Mrs. Malahide that all Estella's

feelings turned. She knew the secret of her

birth, poor child; and though too ignorant of

the world to understand it in all its social bear-

ing, yet she was aware that a stain of some

kind rested on her, which made her grateful for

any love for an act of condescension. She

knew that her father's family had disowned her,

and that the very woman who had lived on her

father's bounty, and who now expected to live

on hers, had written in a letter to her lawyers

that: "No one can feel more strongly than I

the sin and the shame which the existence of

Miss Fay's daughter entails on our family; still,

for the sake of my children, I trust that she

may continue the allowance made to me by my

brother in reparation of my father's injustice,

and that, in so doing, she will not feel she is

conferring a benefit, but simply doing her duty,

in reparation, so far as she can, the wrong which

her birth has done to us all."

But, although Estella knew that these were

the proud and hostile feelings with which the

whole Everett world regarded her, yet, as she

used to say to herself, whom else had she to love?

—whom else to benefit? Her father had left her

his fortune and his name; she must see the old

Hall at Green Grove; she must some day go

down there as mistress, sole and unaccountable

of all the farms and lands around; and, do what

they would, they could not keep it secret from

the world that Jacob Everett had left his prop-

erty and his name to the child of his unmarried

wife. She pitied them; she would have pitied

them more had she understood the matter more;

but she knew of nothing better to do than to

win their love and conquer their esteem, and so

make them forgive her for her unintentional

wrong toward them.

She, therefore, determined to go to Brighton,

where she knew Mrs. Malahide resided; to find

some means of introduction to her; and, as she

felt, looking on to the waters of the Adriatic,

force her aunt to respect, to love, and in the

end to acknowledge her. The scheme was ro-

mantic enough; but it did not promise badly.

Estella and Betty Thorne left beautiful Italy,

and went, in the dull autumn months, to

Brighton.

## ATWELL'S HEALTH RESTORER.

Everywhere Triumphant!

MR. MOUTON, a resident of North Adams, Mass., has long

been afflicted with severe BILIOUSNESS, caused by

drainage of the liver, food irregular, irregular condition